

"I wish Hugues had always been what he is now," she exclaimed almost fiercely.

"Que dis-tu là?" cried her mother, doubting her ears.

"Why, that it was his own fault I said I hated him," continued the girl, still looking away from her mother; "he chose to make himself rude and disagreeable, and of course I thought him odious—then! But ever since we have been here he has been quite, quite different, and nobody would suppose he was the same man. There! I have said too much, but I couldn't help it. You must keep my secret, mamma, and tell Colonel Gordon that Pauline is a spoiled child and won't marry."

Madame Lestrang caught her daughter impulsively in her arms.

"My poor darling child, never did I dream of such a romance as this! Tell me, tell thy good mother, thou wouldst not say 'No' to Hugues would he but ask thee of us now!"

Pauline burst into a shower of passionate tears.

"Malheureux enfant!" cried Madame Lestrang, "what can we do for thee? It is too late!"

Precisely at this critical moment the door of the room was opened, and brother Jacques walked in.

"Why," cried he, standing aghast, "mother—Pauline! Qu'y a-t-il donc?"

"Pauline is a little goose," answered Madame, with a fearful effort at playfulness. "Colonel Gordon has written the most charming letter, asking my permission to make her an offer of marriage, and she will have nothing to say to him."

"Well, that's unlucky for him, certainly," rejoined Jacques; "but what has my little sister got to cry about? Has she, perchance, been scolded for wanting to say unkind things to the Colonel?"

"Of course not," replied his mother uneasily.

"I told you she was a little goose, that's all. Now, run up stairs, Pauline, and change your dress, dear; and you, Jacques, ring for the luncheon-tray."

"Girls are certainly odd creatures," said Jacques to himself, as he lighted a cigar on the doorstep that afternoon. "Fancy crying like Niobe because somebody whom one doesn't care about wants to marry one! What an excess of heart!"

He strolled into the Park, and presently at an accustomed rendezvous met his friend Hugh, and forthwith related the episode.

"So you think she has refused him definitely?" asked the elder cousin when the story was finished.

"I understand so, certainly. And it is easy to see that by doing so she has greatly vexed my mother. It was an excellent proposal, you see."

"I see nothing of the kind," replied Hugh, with some heat. "Confound Colonel Gordon! I never liked the fellow from the beginning."

"Sapristi!" ejaculated Jacques; "what can he have done to you? He's a capital fellow and never had a bad word for any man."

Hugh threw away the cigar he was smoking.

"I don't mean to say he ever offended or injured me personally," said he; "but I mean that I never liked his being so much with your sister. She ought to marry a younger man, Jacques."

"Well, I dare say she will," returned Jacques carelessly. Pauline is a great favourite. But then, you know, the Colonel's position is really first-rate."

Hugh turned on his cousin almost wrathfully.

"Can't you leave the Colonel alone?" he cried. "She's said 'No,' and I suppose there's an end of the thing."

"My good Hugues, don't be in such a deuce of a rage about it. Upon my word, if I didn't know how matters stood between you and Pauline, I would swear you were jealous."

"Jealous! what—of Pauline? Confound it all, I've dropped my cigar somewhere! Give me a light, old man."

"Yes," repeated Jacques steadily, looking his friend full in the face, as they paused a moment while Hugh kindled a fresh cigar, "to tell you the truth, I should certainly have thought you were jealous. Come; is it so? Have you betrayed yourself?"

"Look here, Jacques, old fellow," said Hugh, after a pause of brief duration occupied by several violent puffs at the cigar. "I don't exactly know what it is I feel on this subject; and, upon my honour, if I am jealous, you have found it out first. The fact is, Jacques, can you keep a secret?"

"I can when it's necessary," returned his cousin laconically.

"Well, when they all wanted me to marry Pauline, you know, she took considerable pains to make it evident to me that I didn't please her, and, as you know also, she expressed that opinion to her mother. In fact, she was so extremely distant and cold and—unaffectionate, and put on such an air of *not me tangere* towards me, that I thought her a very unpleasant young person, and was much relieved to find my antipathy reciprocated. But the first time I met her in town—at Lady Leigh's, you remember—she was totally changed—charming, vivacious, full of smiles, and so she has been ever since. I have seen her during the last six weeks under a perfectly new aspect, and perhaps, old man, if she hadn't been Pauline, I might have been jealous of the Colonel."

"What a drama in two acts!" cried Jacques.

"But is the fact of this delightful young wo-

man's identity really an insuperable obstacle? Why not speak to her, or to my mother, now?"

"Speak about what?" retorted Hugh. "Why should I go and make a fool of myself? Don't you know that Pauline made up her mind long ago to look on me as a cousin only?"

"I know she did—long ago," cried Jacques, as a sudden light broke in on him; "but why may not she also have come to look on you in a new light? Do you know, it seems possible to me that such a change on her part may be the explanation of those otherwise enigmatical tears, and of a certain tragic utterance of my mother's which caught my ear as I opened the door so opportunely. 'C'est trop tard!' she said. What could be too late if not a tardy repentance on Pauline's part, and a futile willingness to accept something she had once rejected? Hugh, old man, are you really in earnest this time? Do you really think you would be happy with my sister?"

"Upon my word, Jacques," answered Hugh, somewhat agitated, "I begin to believe that I cannot be happy without her; but if it hadn't been for this confounded Colonel, I declare I don't think I should ever have found out the true state of the case!"

"Then follow my advice, man, and let me take you home to dinner this evening. Now is your time; for, judging from my own observations of Miss Pauline and the present general aspect of affairs, I would not mind venturing a considerable sum on the successful issue of an appeal suit. Only be sure you know your own mind this time, for Pauline may not be inclined to let you off again, and you might find your last state worse than your first if another repentance were to set in on your part."

"Don't congratulate me too soon, old fellow. Of myself I am sure enough, but of Pauline—Ah, Jacques, perhaps if your people and mine had not been at so much trouble to bring us together, we might have found one another out and fallen in love naturally! As it is, you see—"

"My good Hugh, I see nothing but a very logical and comprehensive state of things. Four months ago, when you were strangers, you chose to exhibit yourself—forgive me—in a very unpleasant light; now Pauline knows you better, and she has seen through the fraud you put on her. Our people made a mess of the thing, as folks always do when they try to manage the matrimonial concerns of others. Love should be led, not driven; and when my turn comes, let's hope they will show that they've learnt wisdom, and not get manoeuvring on my behalf with any desirable young person. Well, it's half-past six, and if we are to be home in time for dinner we ought to be making tracks."

Later on that same eventful day, in a remote corner of Madame Lestrang's drawing-room, over two cups of postprandial coffee, Hugh and Mademoiselle Pauline privately arranged their own love affairs very much to their individual satisfaction, and to the subsequent joy and gratulation of the parties secondarily concerned.

And I only hope that the gallant and rejected Colonel found balm for his disappointment in the reflection that but for his timely intervention two foolish young persons, whom Nature had designed for each other, would probably have never told their love, and might have gone on until the end of this dispensation mistaking the ardour of Cupid's flame for the mild effluence of consanguinity affection. A. K.

#### ECHOES FROM PARIS.

THE Duc de Montpensier has sold his hotel in the Rue Nitot to Mme. Casimir-Perier, who a short while back had also sold her beautiful mansion on the Champs Elysées to M. Stern.

Is life almost everything holds by a thread. Two women pass beside you. You remark one of them. You marry her, and it turns out that she is precisely the one of the two who was destined to make you unhappy. Whereas if you had chosen the other—things would have turned out absolutely in the same way.

THERE is an interesting relic of the past in Pesth, the violin of Louis XIV., made by Amati at the express order of the monarch. The sides are adorned with *fleur-de-lis*, while on the back are painted his majesty's arms and motto. Until 1879 this instrument was kept in the Garde-Meubles, Paris, but subsequently, after many adventures, it came into the possession of Lipinsky, the violinist, who left it to his family in Pesth.

A VERY unpleasant curiosity shown in the department of electro-plating at the Electrical Exhibition is a child's hand, which has been plated with copper. It is so very dead looking, preserving under its glistening coating all the rigidity of lines peculiar to any portion of a corpse, that it is by no means an agreeable object to contemplate. The smart lace ruffles and satin bows that conceal the ends of the severed wrists only add to instead of diminishing, the ghastly aspect of this achievement of modern science.

ELECTRICITY is just at present all the rage in Paris, and speculators are spending money freely in all sorts of novelties in which electrical appliances are the prominent features. The latest invention is an advertising vehicle perambulating the streets of the capital, the announce-

ments on which are illuminated by a current of electricity at night, produced by a simple form of galvanic battery. The novelty attracts, but shrewd business men know that a good magic-lantern would be quite as efficient, and very much cheaper.

THE *Parisian* says that for more than a hundred and fifty years France has given laws to the universe in matters of dress. Already at the beginning of the eighteenth century all Europe was dressed *a la Française*, and the Paris fashions still retain their domination, a fact which one of the fashionable journals of the last century attributes not to caprice but "to the inventiveness of the French ladies in all that concerns tiring, and especially to that fine and delicate taste which characterizes the smallest trifles that have passed through their hands." One of the sights of Paris in the eighteenth century was a life-sized doll in a famous shop in the Rue Saint-Honoré, which was always dressed in the latest fashion. Reproductions of this doll were sent over land and sea, to England, Germany, Italy and Spain, and penetrated even into the seraglios of the East. When the first fashion journals were founded they counted more on Europe than on France for subscribers. Their ambition and hope was to replace the doll of the Rue Saint-Honoré. The prospectus of the *Cabinet des Modes* (1786) announces that, "thanks to the fashion journals, foreigners will no longer be obliged to make dolls and mannikins, which are always imperfect and very dear, and give at best but an incomplete idea of our fashions." The fashion journals have not yet succeeded in replacing the famous "poupée de la Rue Saint-Honoré." Now, as in the last century, the *Parisian marchandes de robes* send their dressed dolls all over the old world and the new, and the plait and the *bourlonne* that French hands have formed are repeated amongst all the civilized nations of the West.

#### SOCIETY AT LARGE.

DIVORCE in the West has been put to many uses. It was left for an Ohio woman to find in it a new way to pay old debts. Owing a man \$320, she cancelled the obligation by marrying him and then immediately got a divorce for \$80, leaving a clear gain of \$240.

"ROMEO and Juliet" was performed in real life the other day at Sioux City, with an ample tragic denouement. The lowly Juliet, wishing to test her lover's sincerity, pretended to take poison and die. Thereupon the Western Romeo, believing her to be really dead, poisoned himself in earnest and quite as effectively as his prototype of Verona.

THE East Indian Prince of Gondal is about to marry—possibly ere this has married, for the precise date of this event is not mentioned in the report—seven maiden daughters of men who are high in favour at his court. Seven days will be consumed in the several ceremonies, and each bride of the preceding day will be present at the wedding festival of her rival. Each bride receives the same presents in jewellery and dresses, and has her apartments arranged like those of her companions. None of the seven has yet completed her fifteenth year.

NOTWITHSTANDING the action of the military authorities, both State and national, in refusing to countenance team matches at Creedmoor, the fall meeting of the National Rifle Association has proved a great success. The appeal of the directors to riflemen throughout the country brought teams from every quarter, and instead of being a purely local affair, as formerly, the meeting was in every respect national. The reviving interest in rifle shooting would be further heightened by a return match for the "Palma," Great Britain vs. America, and a contest for the "Hilton Shield" between a team of British regulars, a Canadian team and one from our army and National Guard.

A FUNNY report comes from Chamounix, that a millionaire American had four times attempted the ascent of Mount Blanc, and had four times failed; that, exasperated by his successive failures, he had "sworn a swear" that, living or dead, he would be on the summit of Mont Blanc; and then he died. Before his decease he made a will, bequeathing his immense fortune to his three nephews on the condition that they would transport his body to the top of the mountain; and that the three nephews have arrived at Chamounix, and are making arrangements for a magnificent funeral procession to the summit, where they will find room for their uncle. This is the newest form of "Excelsior," and is detailed most circumstantially in the Milan papers.

THE ingenious Mr. Corbin does not seem to make much headway with his scheme for colonizing Long Island with junior members of the English aristocracy. Mr. Corbin's plan, it will be remembered, was to convert the suburban regions of the island into a huge market garden, to be owned by cadets of British noble houses and cultivated by a specially imported force of their family tenantry. The eastern end of the island, a vast space of sand, scrub-oaks, cat-briers and rank grasses, was to become a happy hunting-ground for the young aristocrats. It is true that the first part of Mr. Corbin's scheme has been greatly anticipated by a number of frugal Germans who have bought the land themselves and would hardly consent to become the tenants of Lord Tom Noddy just for the look of the thing. The eastern regions of the island,

too, are not so well supplied with desirable game as they might be. A few hundred woodcock, ten or fifteen thousand quail, any number of so-called "rabbits" and innumerable polecats, are at present the only denizens of the scrub-oak brakes.

OF course, this latter objection is not altogether insuperable. Like the enterprising Frenchman who has got up a lion-preserver in Algeria, Mr. Corbin may find it easy to stock the Long Island jungles with big and small game to order. The dreadful "painter" of the Rocky Mountains and his congener the "grizzly," the lynx of the Adirondacks and the wildcat of Vermont may all be induced to effect a colonial settlement of their own on Long Island. There is reason to fear, however, that the simple rustics of the island will be even less hospitable to Mr. Corbin's colonists than they are to the noble sportsmen of the Queen's County Fox-hunt. Some very funny stories might be told—and, perhaps, will find their way into print some day—of the experiences to which some of those proto-martyrs have been subjected.

#### SOME SAVAGE FANCIES.

"What!" exclaimed a negro to an explorer, "am I to starve while my sister has children to sell?"

The idea struck him as absurd. In his country—Central Africa—children are regarded as merchandise, women as slaves. Young men about to get married explain that they wish some one to fetch their wood and water for them and carry their property if they travel.

Marriage, as among many other savage people, consists in carrying off the bride by force, real or simulated.

With the Kalmucks of Asia it is a mounted chase of the lover after the lady, to whom he gives a fair start, and is not easily caught against her will. With the Ahtas of the Philippines the girl is sent into the woods an hour before sunrise. At sunrise the lover arrives in pursuit; if before sunset he finds her, he has her, if not he goes home without her. In North Friesland the bride pretends to resist, and her friends lift her struggling into the cart, which bears her away.

To the strange facts, related by that close observer, Sir John Lubbock, are added others still stranger.

Modes of salutation among half-civilized or savage people differ widely from ours and from each other.

The natives of the island of Mallicolo hiss anything they particularly admire.

In Central Africa a man respectfully turns his back upon a superior.

A polite Esquimaux pulls the nose of a distinguished visitor by way of compliment.

A Chinaman puts on his hat when we should remove ours, and considers a coffin a peculiarly neat and acceptable gift for an aged relation.

Religious customs and superstitions are still more extraordinary. The Greenlanders believe that during sleep the spirit quits the body in search of adventures, and that our dreams are merely recollections of these midnight excursions.

The Australians think that their black skins will become white after death. Hence, a Scotch lady wrecked upon their shores relates that the native elders would considerably call out to the children who amused themselves by teasing her—

"Let her alone. Poor thing! she's only a ghost."

The Feejeeans suppose the road to heaven too difficult for the infirm or deceased; therefore they strangle their old people, who, after cheerfully walking in their own funeral processions, submit to the operations with the utmost composure.

The Mohawks believed that a terrible misfortune would befall any one who spoke while crossing Saratoga Lake. An English lady did so purposely, and after passing in safety, rallied her Indian boatman on his fears. His reply was prompt.

"Oh," he said, "the Great Spirit was merciful, and knew that a white woman could not hold her tongue."

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